

## COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

## NEWSY LETTERS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

## Stems of Interest From all Parts of Sumter and Adjoining Counties.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mail your letters so that they will reach this office not later than Monday when intended for Wednesday's paper and not later than Thursday for Saturday's issue. This, of course, applies only to regular correspondence. In case of items of unusual news value, send in immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph. Such news stories are acceptable up to the hour of going to press. Wednesday's paper is printed Tuesday afternoon and Saturday's paper Friday afternoon.

## PISGAH.

Pisgah, Nov. 28.—Crops are all gathered and cotton is about all sold. I have never seen the county so bare of cotton before. This time of the year one generally can see on most places some cotton, but not so this year. Merchants complain of poor sales, but this is not hard to solve. Poor crops generally and high living has taken the money to pay debt, and very little money is left to trade on except for the bare necessities of life. Of course, this applies only to honest folks.

A large acreage of oats have been, and will be, sown this year. This is certainly a move in the right direction.

Judging from reports, corn will, or ought to be, cheap, for there have never been such tremendous yields before. Several years ago Mr. H. H. Evans made about 67 bushels of corn to the acre, and later beat that. Mr. Eugene Brown near Camden this year made about 80 bushels to the acre. His rows are about 5 feet wide, and corn about 12 inches in the drill. Nearly all the stalks had two ears on them. Mr. Lewis Dixon, another fine planter near Mr. Brown, made between 80 and 90 bushels to the acre. Mr. Brown pushed his from the start. It is hard for people here to believe that stunting corn helps it. The Moore boy did not stunt his.

Rev. Mr. Cole who went to Florence County recently on a visit says the crops in sections were literally drowned out this year.

Hogs for killing are few in this section and the hens have gone on a strike, for eggs are scarcer than ever before.

Swift Creek church gave Miss Eva Gardner a fine silver set in appreciation of her services as organist.

Mrs. John Hawkins is quite sick. A few marriages are expected in the near future and more later.

Dr. C. S. Britton got the fingers of his left hand cut in his gin last week by trying to regulate it. It was a narrow escape from getting his arm drawn in and cut to pieces.

A box supper will be given at the residence of Mr. J. L. Gillis on Friday evening, December the 9th for the benefit of Swift Creek church. The public is cordially invited to attend and bring boxes.

Mr. J. E. DuPre leaves today to attend the Baptist State Convention at Laurens.

## STATEBURG.

Stateburg, Nov. 30.—Several students of the G. S. M. A. went to Columbia last week to hear Ben-Hur. Among them were: Misses Colzy Wells, Marguerite Scarborough, Mollie Ellerbe, Roberta and Henrietta Dargan and Mr. Leon Stuckey.

Mrs. Emma Cantey, Miss A. M. Burgess and Mr. R. M. Cantey went to the Shannon-Griffin wedding in Camden, last week.

Miss Gena Dargan spent Thanksgiving holidays in Darlington.

Miss Emma Frierson, accompanied by her friends Misses Lolis, Lynch and Harvin, visited at "Cherry Vale" last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Sanders, of Hagood spent Sunday at "Marston."

Mrs. Cobb, of Asheville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sam Gillespie.

Miss Georgia Dargan spent the week-end with Mrs. M. G. Palmer at Cartersville.

Miss Bessie Stuckey and Mr. Leon Stuckey spent Friday and Saturday in Eastover.

Mr. Beau Mark Palmer, of Cartersville entered school at the G. S. M. A. on last Monday morning.

Mr. Young Stuckey, of Eastover, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Stuckey.

A number of people from our community went to Columbia to attend Ben-Hur, Messdames G. M. Sanders, E. N. Frierson, J. J. Dargan, Misses Helen Frierson, Bessie Stuckey, Gena, Theo, Georgia and Bessie Dargan and Mr. J. L. Frierson.

The following students of the G. S. M. A. spent Thanksgiving holidays at their homes. Misses Colzy Wells and Margaret Hiearley at St. Charles; Pauline Haynsworth in Sumter; Mollie Ellerbe at Hagood; Marguerite and Estelle Scarborough in Bishopville; Messrs. McLaurin, Appelt, Henry Plowden and W. S. Nelson in Man-

ning, Mortimer Weinburg and Heyward Burreas at Wedgefield.

## EGYPT.

Egypt, Nov. 29.—We are having very nice weather now and young oats are coming up fine.

Thanksgiving was very quiet in Egypt. Several from this place went to Rembert last Friday evening to hear the lecture of Dr. Snyder. Among those who attended were: Misses Dorothy and Pearl Napier, Belle McCutcheon and Messrs Lawrence White, Reggie McCutcheon, Charles Peebles and Olive White, all enjoyed themselves. Rembert was very fortunate in having such a man as Dr. Snyder to be among them, and their appreciation was shown by the large crowd who heard him.

Mr. C. L. Britton has secured a position with an automobile company at Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. A. B. White spent last Friday in Camden.

Several from this place went over to Bishopville last week to enjoy the gayeties of the carnival.

Miss Pearl Napier of Smithville, spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Miss Dot Napier in Egypt.

Messrs. J. R. McLeod and F. G. Peebles were in Camden last Saturday.

Dr. T. D. Foxworth, of McColl, ran over and spent a few days last week with relatives in this section. His many friends will be delighted to know that he will be with them at Smithville next year.

Miss Irene Weldon spent several days of last week in Bishopville.

Rev. T. S. Cole has resigned as pastor of Mizpah church.

Mr. W. T. McLeod spent yesterday in Bishopville.

Everybody seems to be well and looking forward to a good time Xmas.

## Max News Notes.

Max, Dec. 1.—Thanksgiving day passed off pleasantly.

Rev. B. K. Truluck is at the Convention in Laurens.

Mr. A. J. Goodman has visited in Lake City recently.

Mrs. J. L. Moore is recovering from recent illness.

On last Tuesday evening at Olanta, an amateur performance was given by local talent under the auspices of the W. M. S. of Olanta for the benefit of the Baptist church. It was very much enjoyed and a success financially.

Mr. W. D. McClain is building near here and will move as soon as convenient.

Mr. G. M. Moore has purchased a tract of land adjoining his childhood home and will probably remove to it in the near future. He has spent a number of years in Louisiana and Texas.

There is a new industry in course of construction near here. A cement plant for the purpose of making tomb stones, etc by the Messrs McFadden and Warren of the Goodwill section.

Several farmers in this section are holding their cotton.

About the usual acreage of oats are being sown.

## Rocky Bluff Notes.

Rocky Bluff, Dec. 1.—Cotton picking is over and some are through planting oats, while some have just commenced.

Miss Eva Hatfield spent the week-end at home.

Mr. Richard Broadway, of Sumter, spent Thanksgiving with his sister, Mrs. W. F. Barfield.

Mr. W. F. Baker and children spent Thanksgiving with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatfield of Borden spent a few days of last week with relatives here.

Mrs. Mary J. Cato of Borden is spending this week with relatives here.

Mrs. Sanders is still right sick. There is no other sickness here now except colds.

## Street Curbing Being Placed.

The Charleston Engineering and Contracting company yesterday began work on Church street and are now laying the foundation for the curbing that they will place on that street. Already the material has been placed on the ground that the work will now be pushed as fast as possible.

The company expects to work on the septic tank at the same time that the work is going on on the streets and hope to finish the work here with as much expedition as possible.

The work is now in charge of Mr. Beattie, of Georgetown, who is working with Mr. McCormack of the Charleston Engineering and Contracting company. Mr. Beattie is now laying off the grade to start the curbing tomorrow.

Do you need printing of any description? Come to headquarters—Osteen Publishing Co. For nearly fifty years Osteen and good printing have meant the same thing in Sum-

ter.

Without tact you can learn nothing.—Disraeli.

## CLEVER RASCALS.

Robbers of Naples as Daring as They Are Resourceful.

## SCHEME OF ONE LONE THIEF.

Masterly Manner in Which This Audacious Rogue Pilfered a Church Furnishing Shop and Corded Up Its Too Confiding Proprietor.

His name was Signor Domenico Doctor Dolcibetti, and he was host in Rome. For a scholar with a degree he enjoyed his meals rather unstrainedly, but after the spaghetti and capretto had disappeared he used to slow his pace over the finocchio con vino and to straighten his back, wipe his mustache and begin his stories.

"Napoli? Si, si! Naples? Bella città, beautiful, beautiful! And what thieves are they in Naples! It is the one city where you cannot lead a donkey through the streets."

There did not seem to be much connection between these, and our puzzled looks said so.

"Perche? You dare not lead. You must take him by the tail, for when the unsuspecting peasant leads an ass laden with panniers or onions or wood into Naples before long he happens to glance back, and behold, all is gone—produce, panniers, pack saddle, all fled. Thereafter he takes the ass by the tail and steers him through the streets that he may watch constantly.

"Pol—it is all organized. Some years ago the leader of the robbers was the captain. Everybody knew him. When anything was stolen from one, one went not to the police, but to the captain.

"There was a little music master came home one day and found his piano gone, a whole piano, and no one in the house could say how, when or where it went. The little man was distracted.

"Then he took heart and went to the captain and stood before him with his hat in his hands. He was just a poor music teacher. His piano was all he had in the world. He—'Go,' said the captain. 'At 6 this evening you have your piano.' And about the time of the service that afternoon a wagon came to the little man's door, and four men heaved out a piano, which they set in its accustomed corner; then they drove off without a word.

"Pol, the music man, went again to the captain's house and began to thank him and to fumble about in his pockets, saying that he did not have much, about 20 lire, all his savings—22 lire perhaps. 'What—twenty-two lire!' yelled the other. 'I, who am rich, whom men call the captain—22 lire to me! You poor!—And he kicked him down the stairs.

"But the most remarkable robbery was done not by the band, but by a Neapolitan single handed.

"One day there drove up to a church furnishing shop an equipage with two prancing horses and a liveried coachman and halted before the big windows full of precious finery. A beautifully dressed little signor alighted and asked to see the proprietor. He said he had a cousin who would the next day be ordained bishop and he desired to purchase appropriate gifts.

First he would see a crozier. The proprietor fetched a superb crozier of silver, the crook of it gold, wonderfully chased and overwrought with carving.

"How much?" asked the well dressed man.

"Five thousand lire, signor."

"Good! Tie it up and put it in the carriage. And let me see also a miter. And again he chose the costliest, one frosted with silver arabesques and beaded with pearls. He sat down to write a check for 8,000 lire altogether. But, no; he would see also a bishop's ring. 'How much was this one?'

"Two thousand lire, signor."

"Good! And that, too, went into the carriage with the miter and crozier. Finally this princely customer would buy a complete vesture and decided on a figured alb brodered with cloth of gold from shoulder to foot. 'Only,' he doubted, 'will it fit? But stay,' he said to the shopman: 'you are a big man, almost as large as my cousin. See if the garment will fit you.' So the proprietor put it on and stood clothed in magnificence from cravat to ankle.

"Good! Beautiful! Only the waist. My cousin happens to be enormous of girth. Suppose you put your arms at your sides, and I shall fix the girdle to include them. That will about equal my cousin's waist." So he buckled the belt tight about the proprietor's wrists and moved back to survey the effect. 'Boun! Bellissima! Most beautiful!' he cried. 'And now, signor—buon giorno!' He skipped through the door, into his carriage and whirled downtown.

"At that 'Good day' the proprietor let out one awful yell and bounded into the street. 'Thief!' he screeched. He crashed into astounded people, tripped in his golden skirts, rolled and could not get up again.

"People would not touch him, kicking and frothing and trying to point—'Thief, thief!'—would not even look in the direction of the vanishing carriage. Finally the police grabbed him, discovered that he was insane and a robber and hustled him to prison. Pol—they let him go next morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Worthless.

Ashley—I always thought that Bee-fing was leading a worthless life. Seymour—Wasn't he? Ashley—No; his life was insured for a thousand.—Exchange.

Without tact you can learn nothing.—Disraeli.

## RIDING THE BILLOWS.

A Few Pointed Suggestions For Ocean Travelers.

Do not interfere with the captain in the performance of his duties or offer suggestions in navigation based upon your own experience in running a catboat on Lake Mohonk. There are few captains now in the transatlantic service who have not crossed the ocean several times, and we know of none who has acquired his knowledge of the sea in a correspondence school.

If the lady with golden hair seated in the stateroom next to yours inadvertently puts her head on your shoulder and groans do not rudely remove it, but whistle a soft lullaby, as if you did not notice the act. Bear in mind that two heads are better than one. The lullaby may put her to sleep, when her curls may be gently removed to her own sofa pillow. Should you desire to go below before she goes to sleep send the deck steward after her husband and ask him to remove them himself.

If in the midst of your dinner you feel a sudden emotional qualm arising within you rise with it as nearly simultaneously as possible and hasten from the saloon, taking care in your flight to stick to the aisles between the tables and not go leaping from table to table like a frightened antelope toward the exit. This latter course would cause considerable confusion in the dining room, and in your haste you might inadvertently trip over another passenger's welsh rabbit, which is not considered good form in polished circles either on the land or on the sea.

If on your way to the upper deck you find the staircases blocked by others hastening upward like yourself do not step upon them in your mad flight upward, but slide down the banisters to the lower deck, which you will find just as well adapted to your needs as the upper. Any deck is good in a qualm.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

## POWER OF A WORD.

Why France Changed the Name of the "Life Saving Belt."

A vivid illustration of the power of mere words over human beings was once brought to the attention of French people by Francisque Sarcey.

After the wreck of the Bourgogne many passengers were found floating drowned with life preservers on. These life preservers were fastened upon the bodies, but round the middle instead of under the arms, and the greater weight of the upper part of the body had tipped the head under water and the person of course was inevitably drowned.

Now it appears that the greater number of the persons so drowned were French. The French term for life preserver is ceinture de sauvetage, or "life saving belt." This word ceinture suggests to the mind in its moments of disorder and unreadiness, such as a great catastrophe brings, the idea of putting on a belt, and as a belt is put round the waist and nowhere else the frightened person instinctively adjusts the life preserver close about the hips.

The result is that as soon as the person so provided falls into the water his body tips over, with the heavier part downward, and the head is plunged beneath the surface.

The word "belt," therefore, was the cause of the loss of many lives in the Bourgogne disaster. Sarcey accordingly proposed to counteract the fatal effect of the French word by renaming the article and calling it a brassiere, which is a kind of waist, and by bringing the word bras, or arm, to mind to teach people to put a life preserver on just underneath the arms.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Cooling of the Worlds.

All bodies in space are gradually approaching frigidity. When a red-hot cannon ball is taken out of a furnace and suspended in the air it parts with its heat and keeps on parting with it until it finally reaches the temperature surrounding it. And what happens to the cannon ball is happening to the sun. The sun is steadily losing its heat and contracting, and the same is true of the planets and of every other body in space. Just as the arctic circle is ever encroaching upon the temperate and equatorial regions, so the final chill is steadily advancing upon the warmth everywhere.—New York American.

## A Modest Poet.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet.

"Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala'?"

"Certainly not! I mean my sixteenth canto."

## Testing Her.

"How would you feel, Clarisse, if you and I were sailing down the stream of life together far away from here?"

"How far, George?"

"Oh, far, far away!"

"I'd be so terribly homesick for mother!"

And from that night this young man ceased his visits.—Judge's Library.

## A Fruitful Time.

"Did Jack derive any fruit from the lecture?"

"Yes, sure he did. He met there a girl he knew and made a date with her, and she's a peach."—Baltimore American.

Intellect annuls fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free.—Emerson.

Better it is to be envied than pitied.—Herodotus.

## GRIDIRON HEROES.

Ones Who Never Win Places in the Football Hall of Fame.

## AND THEY WEAR NO "LETTER"

These Practically Unknown Men Are the "Scrubs." Who Help to Keep the Varsity Team on Edge—They Play the Game For the Game's Sake.

There is no royal road to a thorough knowledge of American college football. The preparation of the varsity eleven is long and hard. The mills of the coaches grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine. There is nothing in store for much of the good material that in the end must be relegated to the side line. These men, wrapped in gray blankets, who line the low fence surrounding the field on the day of the big game, are the scrubs, or second team men.

There is a paradox in their situation—their only chance for personal glory lies in the defeat of the varsity eleven. There comes a time in many a big game when a coach, realizing that the day is lost, that his varsity men have done their utmost to no purpose and are being swept steadily down the field, will throw into the game scrub after scrub, hoping against hope that these men will play better than they really have a right to and so turn the tide. And even ten seconds in the big game give the scrub his letter.

So it is in after years that one may point out many a wearer of the letter who was not nearly so good a football player as many scrubs. It has happened, too, that a man has fought for years in the hope of making the eleven, has improved slowly, if surely, has been sent into the big game as a forlorn hope and has played a game the like of which has not been seen on the field that season.

Even scrubs take their triumphs and their disappointments differently. There are not a few who are proud to have been on the second team in the year that the first eleven swept all before it. They have no varsity letter, but the discriminating know that they were better players than some of the varsity men of other years.

There are other scrubs who bemoan the fact that they were not in college when the general average of the players was low and they would have been almost certain to make the first team. Be it said, however, for the honor of the second team that instances of the latter type are rare. A scrub player learns the lesson of self sacrifice. It is his but to be walked over daily by the varsity, while most of the instruction and encouragement are lavished on said varsity.

As a rule, however, there comes at least one week in the season when the scrubs are pampered and petted and made much of. The varsity is in the throes of a "slump," is lagging, dispirited and sullen. It is then that the scrub team suddenly finds that it is being taught to play the game just as if it were to take the field as the first choice against the foe. There is a coach for almost every man, there are words of encouragement, much valuable instruction and a new esprit de corps. Under the new inspiration the second team sweeps the flagging varsity off its feet, humiliates the first string players to the uttermost, while the coaches cheer the scrub and jeer the varsity. At least once a season it is very good to be a scrub, for at least once a season the scrub defeats and humiliates the team that has proved perhaps a terror to all its outside rivals. Nothing has such a salutary effect on the varsity as the eating of humble pie once in a while.

In late years the scrub is getting more consideration than in the old days. Yet the men play principally for the love of the game and in order to make the going as hard as possible for the varsity. Sheer loyalty and the thrill of battle keep them at it year after year. They learn football from the ground up. They see the big games from the side lines and, knowing the signals, have a peculiar advantage over any other spectator. With a knowledge of the signals one may criticize the handling of the big team in the big game—may more readily understand the strategy of coach and quarterback.

It is this opportunity to analyze the big games, coupled with the chance to get practically as good coaching as the varsity, that makes excellent coaches out of many scrub players. Some of these scrubs have gone back to college and turned out freshman teams that have been able to fight the varsity to a standstill and so have astonished the very coaches who taught them. There have been instances of this at nearly every big institution in the east.

Sometimes the services of these ex-scrubs have been eagerly sought by the veteran varsity coaches, and many a man without a field reputation has proved to be no mean strategist.

It is really these ex-scrub men who keep up the high average of interest in the game. They are turned out yearly at the rate of five or more to every varsity player. The varsity man may lose interest in the game in after years, but the scrub practically never. It is they who are the backbone of the pilgrimages to West Point, and it is they who talk football far into the night in the club and chop house.

The scrubs, in a word, all unhonored and unnamed as they are, are the backbone of the game in the colleges and out of them. They play the game and they watch it for the game's sake.—New York Post.

## MADE GOOD AS A COOK.

The Old Lumberman Got Supper Without the Least Effort.

"Nowadays a cook is provided for each camp," said the old lumberman who has worked on the St. Croix, the Penobscot and the St. John, "but in my days of lumbering we took turns, a week at a time, or one man would make all the bread, another the tea and coffee, and so on through the bill of fare. Once in awhile—generally before they'd got licked into their regular winter mold—some fellow would kick against the routine; he's been hired to do something else, or he'd be hanged if he'd cook, anyhow! Then there were ructions.

"I remember one little rebellion that began hot and roaring and died down into a laugh all round, thanks to an ingenious old soul, all quiet good nature and fat—Uncle Ned, we called him.

"We got back to camp one night to find the fire nearly out and nothing ready for supper. We were all hungry—and grouchy, as sometimes happens in the best regulated crews. Each in turn declared he wouldn't be cook, and it looked like a supperless night till Uncle Ned spoke up in his quiet way.

"'Dear me,' says he, 'what a time about cooking! Why, it's the easiest thing in nature to get supper. Now, boys, if you'll all wait on me I'll be cook.'

"They all agreed. This being settled, Uncle Ned sat down on a spruce chair and let his assistants have it.

"'Now, Dick,' said he, 'the first thing for you to do is to get a little wood and start up the fire.'

"'Isaac,' just step down to the brook and fetch a pail of water.

"'You, Mac, while the fire's getting under way, wash a few potatoes and get 'em ready to put on when the pot boils.

"'Now, Jake, you cut a few slices of pork and put it on over the fire to fry.'

"'But, Uncle Ned,' we all shouted together, 'you was to get supper!'

"'Yes,' said he, calm and easy as ever, 'I was to get supper, but you were to wait upon me. Tom,' said he, 'you'd better get the dishes ready.'

"'We kicked some, but 'twas no use; we'd agreed to wait on him if he'd be cook.

"'When everything was ready for supper, there the old man still sat in his spruce chair—hadn't stirred an inch!

"'Dear me, dear me,' said he, 'here I have got supper, and 'twas one of the easiest things in the world.'

"'We were 'caught,' smiled the old lumberman, 'and we sat down to supper in good temper, and ever afterward we had Uncle Ned's proposition for a byword; we'd agree to do any living thing provided we could be 'waited upon.'—Youth's Companion.

## No Use For Them.

"I watched your sister fixing her hair the other day," said Mrs. Nagget, "and I must say she's not the most refined person in the world."

"No?" replied her husband, with a belligerent air. "You don't approve of her, eh?"

"Well," she retorted with a disdainful sniff, "you'd never see me with my mouth full of hairpins."

"Of course not," he snapped. "What would you want with so many hairpins?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Declined to Tarry.

Here is one of F. R. Benson's stories of his early days of tramping in the English provinces:

"At one town I was playing to poor business. The occupants of the gallery were few and not overenthusiastic. I was about to make an exit on the line, 'Tarry awhile and anon I will return,' upon which a voice from the gallery exclaimed: 'Don't trouble to return, guv'nor. We're going and shall not be back!'"—Chicago Tribune.

## Up to James.

An official was describing, at a dinner at Washington, an unfair law.

"The people under this law," he said, "are very much in the position of a young Washington attaché. As the attaché was breakfasting the other morning his servant said to him: 'You are out of whisky, sir. Shall I get a bottle?'

"'Yes, I think you might, James,' the other replied. 'It's your turn.'"—Washington Star.

## The Poor Man's Gym.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Mrs. Bourdaloit, glancing admiringly at the athletic